



# EMBLEMS

With elegant  
FIGURES,  
newly published.

By J. H. Esquire.

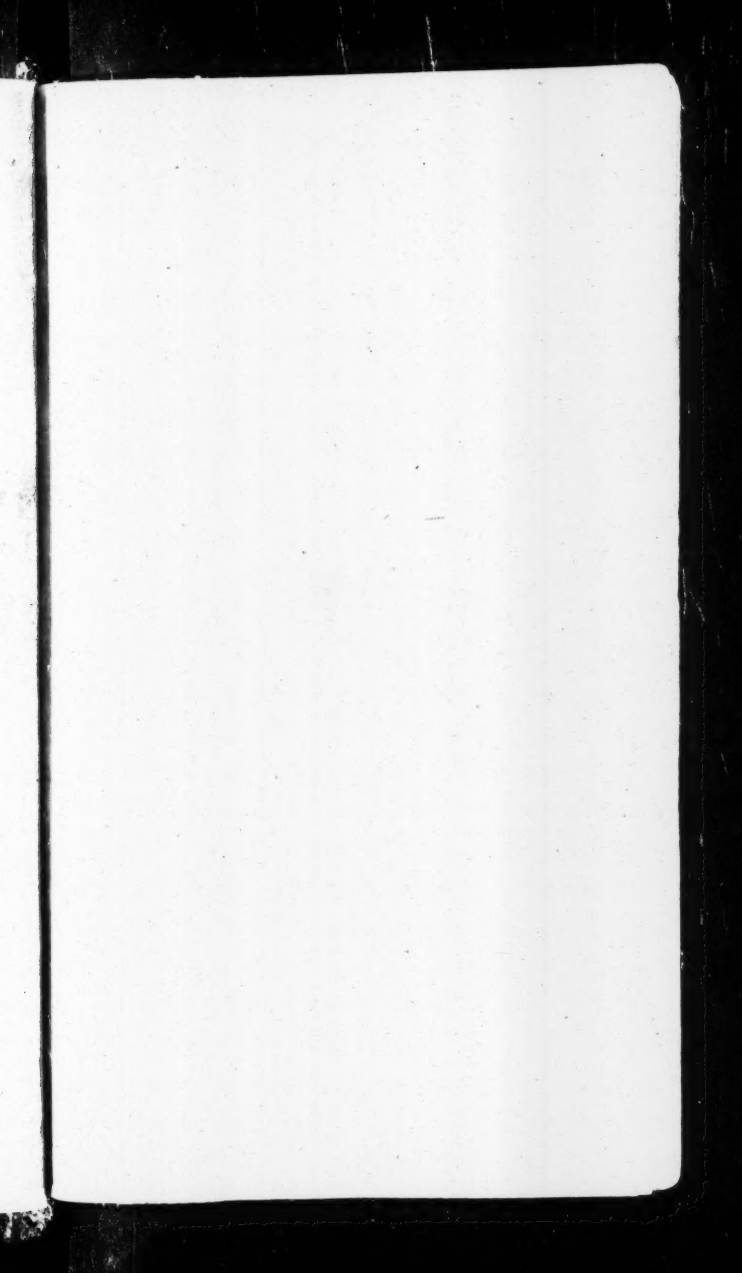


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To the most Honour-  
ed Vertuous Lady,  
M<sup>rs</sup>. DOROTHY  
STANLEY.

MADAM,

**N**One can wonder that I  
bring these EMBLEMS  
under your Protection.  
For I and this Book have  
acquir'd so near a Relation, that  
I must (for my own sake,) do it  
what good I can: And the best way  
I know to advance it's condition,

\* z

is

is to prefix your Name. Had they  
been high Discourses of the best  
*Philosophy* ( whether Ancient or  
Moderne , ) or choice pieces of  
*Philologie* , I should have offered  
them to your noble Husband  
Mr. THOMAS STANLEY, whom  
our Island stands admiring to see  
him now ( as once the great *Alexander* ) conquer the world, when  
'tis scarce thirty years since first he  
came into it; There being no glo-  
ry that *Greece* or *Rome* , or their  
Successors can boast, which his  
matchlesse *Genius* hath not made  
his own, and ours too, by a noble  
communication. Therefore to  
him also I inscribe these EMBLEMS.  
I am bold thus to present them, that  
as Chappells ( which before were  
but Lime and Stone ) they may  
grow

they grow venerable by their *Dedicatio-*  
best: and Likewise be an Emblem  
of the humble respect and servi-  
ces of

M A D A M

your most obedient

Servant

R. D.





## The Preface To the R E A D E R

**T**Hese Emblems falling under my perusall, I could find no lesse then acknowledg what I find to be true, which is, that Helicon hath found another Channell in a full streame to glide to Heaven, Virtue is embalmed in Verse, and Divine love so enamored with humane Wit and Art, that by an holy copulation they have both together brought forth (without adultery,) this happie Chalice of such heavenly beaurty, that it wounds more the Reader not as other Poesies with danger of wanton sensuality, but with the influence of that Divine love whereunto it self is so replenished, and feeds the soul with excesse of appetite. But high

comin

## The Epistle to the Reader.

...iums doe often serve but to per-  
... security with doubt, and breed a su-  
... ion, that either the Authour wanteth  
... rth, or the impression vent: the last of  
... hich concerne the Printer, the other my  
... As for the Printer, I am confident his  
... es are, that the Buyer will be a greater  
... iner then the Seller: and as for my self,  
... must confesse it is nothing but the worth  
... the Book that prompted me to these: and  
... though it needs no warmth from another  
... me, it being its own abundant commen-  
... ion, yet I must ingenuously confesse and  
... de this Verdit, On my credit tis good, and  
... coping read with an impartial Eye, if it  
... ades thee not prone to approbation, it will  
... ke thee so. But whither the matter be  
... ore full of Divinity, or the stile of learn-  
... and Art, I leave as a Querie: and so

farewell.

John Quarles.

In commendation of th  
*Authour* and his Work.

**I**T were some kind of Guilt but to rehearse  
How wanton sin once domineerd in verse:  
Vice then usurp't the chiefeſt wits we know;  
But now the choyeſt in religion flow.  
See here are flames that ſhoot both heat and light,  
To warm our hearts, & make our darkneſſe bright  
That we inflam'd might love, and loving ſee  
The holieſt raptures clad in poetrie.  
How ſad's the world! Vertue no place can win,  
Vnleſſe by pleaſure it be uſher'd in.  
Such is thy holy coſenage, which gaineſ  
Men to that goodneſſe by thy pleaſing ſtraines;  
Which elſe they would neglect, if th' had not bin  
Brib'd by delight in thoſe, to let it in.  
How poiſoned is the world that there muſt be  
Some poiſon uſ'd for its recoverie!  
How ſick too is the world, whoſe healih muſt  
Procured by its own infirmity!  
To work this riddle cure, there's not in all  
Thy Book a line, but is medicinall.

Thomas Wall,.

M. A. OXON

th

\*\*\*\*\*

## The Prælude.



Rown on me shades, and let not day  
Steal in a needle-pointed Ray,  
To make discoveries wrap me here  
In folds of night, and do not fear  
The Sun's approach, so shall I find  
A greater light possess my mind.

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s;  
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be  
ust

O do not, Children of the Spring !  
Hither your charming odours bring  
Nor with your painted smiles devise  
To captivate my wandring eyes :  
Th' have strayd too much, but now begin  
Wholy t' employ themselves within,  
What do I now on Earth ? O why  
Do not these members upward flie ?  
And force a room among the Starres  
And there my great ned self disperse  
As wide as thought, what do I here  
Spreed on soft down of Roses, there  
That spangled Curtain which so wide  
Dilates its lustre, shall me hide.  
Mount up low thoughts and see what sweet  
Reposure Heaven can beget,  
Could you the least compliyanse frame  
How should I all become one flame,  
And melt in purest fires ? O how  
My warmed Heart would sweetly glow  
And wast those dreggs of Earth that stay

A

Glew'd

Glew'd to it, then it might away  
And still ascend till that it stood  
Within the Centre of all good,  
There prest, not overwhelm'd, with joyes  
Under its burthen fresh arise,  
There might it loose it self, and then  
With loosing find it self agen :  
There might it triumph and yet bee  
Still in a Blest Captivitie,  
There might it---O why do I speak  
Whose humble thoughts be far too weak  
To apprehend small Notions, nay  
Angells be non-plus'd though the day  
Break clearer on them, and they run  
In Anogees more near the Sun.

But oh ! what pull's me ? how I shall  
In the least moment headlong fall ;  
Now I'm on Earth again, not dight  
As formerly in Springing light,  
The self-same Objects please that I  
Did even now as base deny,  
Now what a powerfull influence  
Has Beauty on my slavish sence :  
How rob I Nature that I may  
Her wealth upon one Cheek display,  
How doth the Gyant Honour seem  
Well statur'd in my fond esteem,  
And Gold, that Bane of Men, I call  
Not poy's'nous now, but Cordiall;  
Since that the worlds great eye the Sun  
Has not disdain'd to make 't his own,  
Now every Passion swayes and I

Tamely

Tamely admit their Tyranny,  
Onely with numerous sighings say  
The Basest things is breathing Clay.

~~But sure~~ these vapours will not e're  
Draw Curtaines o're my Hemisphere.  
Let it clear up and welcom day  
It's lustre once again display,  
Thou ( O my sun ! ) a while maist lie  
As intercepted from mine eye,  
But love shall fright those Clouds, and thou  
Into my purged eyes shall flow,  
Which ( melted by my inward fires  
Which shall be blown by strong desires )  
Consuming into teares shall feel  
Each tear into a Pearl congeal,  
And every Pearl shall be a stem  
In my Celestiall Diadem.



SPARKLES

OF

DIVINE LOVE.

I

*What am I without thee but one running  
headlong? Aug. Conf. lib. 4. cap. 1.*

Lord! send thine hand  
Unto my rescue, or I shall  
Into mine own ambushments fall,  
Which ready stand  
To d' execution All,  
Layd by self-love, O what  
Love of our selves is that  
That breeds such uproares in our better state?

2

I think I pass  
A meadow guilt with Crimlon showers,  
Of the most rich and beauteous flowers,  
Yet Thou, alas!  
Espy'st what under lowers  
Tast them, they're Poyson, lay  
Thy self to rest, there stray  
Whole knots of Snakes that solely wait for prey.

A 3

To

3

To dream of flight  
 Is more then madness, there will be  
 Either some strong necessitie  
 Or else delight,  
 To chain us, would we flee,  
 Thus do I wandring go  
 And cannot poysons know  
 From wholsome simples that beside them grow.

4

Blind that I am !  
 That do not see before mine eyes  
 These gaping dangers that arise  
 Ever the same,  
 Or in varieties  
 Far worse, how shall I scape  
 Or whether shall I leap,  
 Or with what comforts solace my hard hap ?

5

Thou ! who alone  
 Canst give assistance, send me aid,  
 Else shall I in those depths be laid,  
 And quickly thrown,  
 Whereof I am afraid,  
 Thou who canst stop the sea  
 In her mid-rage, stop me  
 Least from my self, my own self-ruine be.

## EPIGRAM I.

Should'st thou not sometimes 'man' in danger stand  
Thy Lord would not so freely reach his hand,  
But now he helps at need, thus do we see  
That sometimes danger brings securitie.



## I

*Toyes of toyes, and vanities of vanities  
did withhold mee. Aug. Conf. l. 8. c. 11.*

E Ven as the wandring Traveller doth stray  
Lead from his way  
By a false fire, whose flame to cheated sight  
doth lead aright,  
All Paths are footed over but that one  
Which should be gone:  
Even so my foolish wishes are in chase  
Of every thing but what they should embrace.

## 2

We laugh at children that can when they please  
A bubble raise,  
And when their fond Ambition sated is  
Again dismisse  
Thee fleeting Toy into its former aire :  
What do we here  
But act such tricks? yet thus we differ, they  
Destroy, so do not we: we sweat, they play.

## 3

Ambitious trowing's do some gallants keep  
From calmer sleep,  
Yet when these thoughts the most possessed are  
They grope but aire,  
And when they 're highest in an instant fade  
Into a shade ;  
Or like a stone that more forc't upwards shall  
With greater violence to its centre fall.

A 5

4 Another,

4

Another, whose conceptions onely dream  
 Monsters of fame :  
 The vain applause of other mad-men buyes  
 With his own sighes  
 Yet his enlarged Name shall never crawl  
 Over this ball :  
 But soon consume, thus doth a trumpet's sound  
 Rush bravely on a little, then's not found.

5

But we as soon may tell how often shapes  
Are chang'd by apes;  
As know how oft mans childish thoughts do vary  
And still miscarry :  
So a weak eye in twilight thinks it sees  
New species,  
While it sees nought, so men in dreams conceive  
Of scepters, till that waking undeceive.

EPIGRAM 2.

Why frets thou that thy soul doth dote upon  
 These gilded trifles of corruption?  
 Thy self's the very cause, what remedy  
 And thine own hearts a Traytor to thine eye.



*Thou art with me in secret O Lord,  
whipping me oft with the rods of fear  
and shame. Aug. Conf. lib. 8. chap. 11.*

**N**O sooner wretched man beginning is  
To do amiss,  
But fear doth give alarm's, and wake  
The drouisie conscience, which doth shake  
The raging Passions, yet they forward run  
Pursuing alwayes what they first begun,

Thus doth depraved man at first begin.  
To act his sin,  
And put his hand to that his heart  
Doth with such opposition thwart,  
Half punishing before, thus Serpent sin  
To sting and poyson doth at once begin,

But when w' have acted what deprav'd desire  
Did first require;  
The torturer Guilt doth banish fear,  
And sin doth like her self appear  
Arm'd with her venom'd snakes which ready stand  
To punish what her self did first command.

By this means conscience disturb'd doth so  
Enraged grow  
That she whips out all peace, so we  
Snatch't from our false securitie  
Are torne by our own tortures, such as ne're  
The worst offender can from tyrant fear.

Then.



## EPIGRAM 3.

So fatall 'tis ! he that commits a crime  
Is his own executioner that time ;  
And is with secret sorrows onely rent,  
Since sin it self is its own punishment.



## I

*So I was sick and in torture, turning me  
up and down in my bonds, Aug. Conf.  
8. cap. 11.*

**S**hould'st thou not (Lord!) dispence.  
Thy powerfull influence,  
We all should freez  
Like Scythian seas  
Bound up in flinty ice, and all  
The suns kind warmth in vain should fall :  
Nor would dame Nature let her riches come  
out of her womb :  
But since thou let'st thy rays run free,  
And spirit gives  
To all that lives  
Each severall thing continues, but by thee.

## 2

Thus art thou sweetly hurl'd  
Even through the little world,  
But once bereave  
What first thou gave  
What a lean dulnesse soon doth thwart  
The dead and putryfying heart?  
No high affections then advance the soul  
and make it roul  
About the woolly clouds to play,  
And censure all  
That's here, as small  
As the least Atome that sports in a ray.

3 Then

## 3

Then is mortality  
A most enforcing lie  
And clay is grown,  
As hard as stone  
Nor can our cunning make it loose  
Till that thy heat do interpose,  
Thus do our wounds corrupt and gaping stand  
Till that thine hand  
Do gently close and pull these darts  
Which so have bin  
By the sent in  
To our insensate and obdurate hearts,

## EPIGRAM 4.

What art thou sick to death, go and reside  
In yon red Hospitall that stands so wide :  
Last is a wound, what though, by it thou'lt be  
Healed of whatsoever infirmity.



was hungry within, because I wanted  
thee my inward meat O my God. 3.  
Conf. cap. 4.

N vain you court my wanton taste  
Choycest of Natures delicates!  
There is no strength in such repast  
though gained by excessive rates  
It is onely counterfeite a feast,  
Devour what aire, earth, sea, can give  
Thou'lt not one moment longer live.

So, but accelerate thy fall  
though stuff'd with whatsoever spice  
The East can yield, though fancy shall  
Assisted by proud lust ) devize  
to swallow at one bit this *All*.

Art thou so blind thou canst not see  
Thy self thus tantalized bee?

That thy parched gums be dry  
The other are not reall ) and  
Hunger gripe thy stomach, fly  
To him who'll lead thee by the hand.  
Where thou may'st streams of life espy  
There drink thy fill at any rate  
Thou canst not be intemperate.

There

There is the true Ambrosia  
Food worthy the Ætheriall soul,  
Which shall due nourishment conveigh,  
Such as no hunger can controul :  
But it thy fainting limbs will stay  
With due refreshment, which shall bee  
As long-liv'd as Æternity :

O do but taste and see how far  
These Sodom-apples do deceive,  
They do beguile the eye as fair  
Rich Balls of gold ; but th' taste bereave  
And in an instant vanish'd are,  
The other tasted truly fill  
And further touch't are sweeter still.

Mad Prodigalls we may a while  
Hurried away by lust go eat  
Husks with the nasty hogs, but still  
We no society beget  
Till that our father doth us fill  
And we return, O let us go  
Since we such entertainment know.

EPIGRAM 5.

At hungry Boy? go to yon vine there see  
The grapes of life in purple clusters be,  
Here meet with Israels sheeheard, 'tis his vine  
's gardner both and sun to dress and shine.



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## I

*Howlong ! Howlong ! why is not this  
hour the period of my filthiness.*  
Aug. Conf. 2. lib. 8.

Even as the splitting mariner  
Blasted with storms  
Doth in short sighs his vowes profer,  
And so performs  
In broken accents what his tongue  
Could not but in the utterance wrong :

## 2

Doth the soul, when that the weight  
Of sin doth lie  
Upon her crazie shoulders, straight  
Her groanes do crie  
Wishing she knows not what, yet more  
Then any language can implore.

## 3

How long, my father ! wilt me leave ?  
How long I must  
Be an inhabitant of th' grave  
Involv'd in dust,  
Thou who createdst all canst raise  
Me out of ashes if thou please.

B

4 How

## 4

How every passion is become  
    Mine enemy,  
 And drawes me further from the home  
    Where I should be :  
 Yet thou canst curb them, thou alone  
 Who ne'r wast swaid by passion.

## 5

Oh when shall snowy Innocence  
    My inmate be !  
 And I freed from my load of sence,  
    Flie up to thee;  
 Drown me in blood then Ile appear,  
 Washt in that crimson river, clear.

## 6

Look, ( Lord ! ) upon my miseries  
    How they appear  
 Scribled and fragmented in sighs  
    Before thee here;  
 Stop them I pray ; yet I confess  
 These groanings are my happiness.

## 7

'Tis the first step to health to know  
    We are not well ;  
 I ope my wounds unto thee so,  
    Poure oyl and heal :  
 And when they're closed up take care  
 They prove not deeper then they are.

Epigram

## EPIGRAM 6.

Most happy Rhetorick of sighs, that bear's  
Such strong perswasions to Jehovahs eares ! ( fall;  
Which stand most firm, when faltring tongue doth  
And when thou speakest worst speak'it best of all :



I

*Take up and Read; Take up and Read.*  
 Aug. lib. 8. cap. 12.

U<sup>N</sup>happy boy !

How art thou now become  
 Thy self thy Tombe ?

Within what darkness dost thou lie ?  
 Such as that glorious Prince of light  
 Whose smiles inamell every flower  
 Cannot affright,

But that these vapours still condense the more,

2

How are thine eyes  
 Courted with whatsoere  
 The terming eare

Or pregnant nature can devise ?  
 Yet what a winter is within ?  
 What marble freezings which congeal ?

Though they have been (did steal  
 Bath'd in warmed showers, which from thine eyes

3

Insatiate soul !  
 Which hast devoured each art  
 Yet hungry art,

And like an empty ship dost roul :  
 Where wilt thou once contented rest  
 Exempt from all this fluctuation,  
 And fixt thy brest

Where 't may repose in a secured station ?

## 4

Turn but thine eye  
And view that folded Oracle  
That lately fell,  
Heard'st not thou some soft murmur crie ?  
— TAKE UP AND READ ; obey, there is  
( If thou canst ope thy purged eare )  
High misteries  
That can direct thy feet ; thine eyesight clear.

## 5

Thou never took  
In hand an harder lesson, then  
Thou did'st begin  
Prying the secrets of this book :  
For it will teach thee how to set,  
In paths that cannot tread awry,  
Thy wandering feet :  
And shew thee where the source of blisse doth lie.

EPIGRAM 7.

Take up these leaves ; within that little Room  
Lie endless depths ; 'tis Gods *Autographum*.  
The hardest Book, and easiest : which can give  
Death to the dying : Life to them that live.



*The unlearned rise and take heaven by violence ; and we without learning without affection, behold ! where we wallow in flesh and blond ! Aug. Conf. lib. 8. cap. 8.*

Vain curiosity ! yee lead  
The mind in mazes, make her tread  
A-side, while that she toyles and is not fed.

O empty searchings ! do I care  
If I can slice yon burning sphere  
To the least atoms, and yet near come there.

Though I can number every flame  
That fleets within that glorious frame ;  
Yet do not look on him that can them name.

Though I can in my travell'd mind  
The earth and all her treasures find  
Yet leaving pride swolne into hills behind.

Though I can plum the sea, and try  
What monsters in her womb do lie ;  
Yet n'ere a drop fall from my frozen eye.

Am I the better, though I could  
All wisdom with a breath unfold,  
And a heart boundless as the Ocean hold ?

No not a whit unless that he  
By whom these glorious wonders be  
Lead me and teach mine eyes himself to see.

Yet may a modest ignorance  
Unto so great an height advance,  
And of such sparkling beauties gain a glance.

He that's all wisdom do'es not care  
How full our teeming fancies are  
Of touring notions if our hearts be clear!

They are but wildfires that remain  
With rouling flashes in the brain  
If that the heart thereby no heat doth gain.

He is the wisest that doth know  
To whom he doth allegiance ow,  
To whom his rebell passions ought to bow.

Who with a rude yet heedye eye  
His maker finds in every flie,  
And Treads to heaven by humilitie.

Who with a watchfull heediness  
An omnipresence doth confess;  
And not by cobweb Theorems expresse.

Let others seek to know, they shall  
But into greater blindness fall;  
And ere their course be run know nought at all.

Since what we know is but a gleam,  
That ow's its lustre to a beam, (stream.  
Which from that inf'nite spring of light doth

## EPIGRAM 8.

Each minute learn, and by that learning know  
The more thou clim'st, the more thou art below :  
Still let thy brain strength to thy heart dispence,  
And think the greatest wisdom's Innocence :



I

Lord behold my heart, which thou pitiedst in the bottomless pit. Aug. Conf. lib. 4. cap. 2.

Lord ! dost thou see,

This ruddy piece of clay how it doth flie

Up towards thee !

Ambitious of a sweet tranquillity !

Within thy bosome, loe

How speedily 't doth go ?

Featherd by active fire,

Whereby it mount's and towers up higher

Then its own groveling thoughts could reach

Before that thou didst teach,

How doth it throw

And leave below ( are ?

Those which wear shackles, but now trophies

Oh how it flashes

Reduc't to ashes ?

Yet were alive till now. ( were

Those darts are med'cines which destructive

And cut but beds for balm to flow

Whilst the ascending day forgets 'twas ere below.

2

Yet this was once

Grave to it self, bound in most potent chaines

( Corruptions )

Whilst a chil'd poison did congeal my veines,

Which

Which speckled tombestones were  
 Then durst no day appear  
 But darkness shrowded all,  
 And thick Egyptian damps did fall ;  
 I knew not I benighted was,  
 Or else a night did cause  
 Pleas'd that I lay  
 Without a ray ( the  
 Till thou, ( great world of light ! ) broke out  
 My chains did fall,  
 I that was all  
 One issicle, became  
 One tear, and now my veines ran bloud again  
 Take Lord what thou thy self didst frame  
 And on thine Altar deignto cherish thine own flamm

## EPIGRAM 9.

I'me thine, and for my homage, take my heart  
'Tis, though a little, yet my greatest part  
Which can as well not lie, as think ) and say  
I give but what I cannot keep away.



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Who took me by the hand, and brought  
me out of that darkness wherewith I  
was in love? Aug. Soliloq. cap. 37.

## I

**V**V Hilft sable bands of night did bind  
My drousie mind;  
And my eyes useles were when day  
Was shrunk away:  
Whose was that ray  
That stole so kindly in and shew'd  
Glimses of light again? both how  
Stars in their vaulted sea do flow,  
and how the Sun's tryumphant toyles renew'd.

## 2

Who wa't that taught mee deeds of night  
are mere deceit?  
And all the light she seems to set  
Are counterfet:  
And if but met  
By smallest twinklings disapear:  
That, wayes are then uncertain, and  
We can't in any surety stand  
isturbed, or by danger or by fear.

3 Who

## 3

Who wrought upon me that great cure  
     As to endure,  
 Like th' royall eagle, with a straight  
     And unmov'd sight  
     The flowing light ?  
 Who taught me joy ? when that mine eyes  
 Were more possest with strengthened gleames  
 Sent from associated beames :  
 Who taught me failing shadowes to dispise ?

## 4

Thou center of all light ! whom none  
     Can look upon :  
 Who when the world but new begun  
     Didst give a sun  
     With light to run :  
 Thou ! from whose sight no lurking cave  
 No, nor the most retyring deep,  
 Which the still reeling sea doth sweep,  
 Lies hid ; no, nor the secrets of the grave.

## 5

Thou ! who canst stop the sun, and cause  
     him soon to pause ;  
 O on this Scythian breast of mine  
     Keep a straight line,  
     And nere decline ;  
 That by degrees this grossness may  
 That now attends me, be calcin'd  
 To dust, and I from dregs refin'd  
 Mounted upon thy love, may fly away.

## EPIGRAM 10.

Let the sun cherish day, I cannot see  
The best approach of light, unless through Thee :  
Yet Thee I cannot, though I labour still  
For Thou art Glory inaccessible.



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*ebriate my heart, ( Oh God! with  
the sober intemperance of thy love -  
Aug. Meditat. cap. 37.*

**N**ow love I all excess ; now let me be  
An enemy to all sobriety !  
In the faint hart, whose nimble footing stray  
Along the devious forrests all the day,  
Hillt that her foes as swift as lightning press  
Behind, yet not so swift as merciless,  
And scorching heat her parched intralls dry  
That in her self her greatest dangers lie ; ( pass  
When she com's near cold streams, who as they  
With their silver footings clear the grass  
Assure her thirst, but rather covets more  
The naturall julip then she did before :  
Is so with me ( my God ! ) but I have been  
Sued with enemies that to lodg within ;  
Whose rage know's no regrefs, But boyles up higher  
The Arsenall, mine heart is set on fire,  
Which will devour untill that ashes be  
The weak resisters of its cruelty.  
The waters prove but fewell, nay the sea  
If it should on would onely oyl and sulphur be.  
Shower thy rayes upon it, ( Lord ! ) & smoothen  
The violence of one flame by another ;  
Then to refresh me send cool showers, that may  
Crease such potent feavers, and allay :  
Dissolve those clouds that interpose, so shall  
Calming tempests in my bosome fall :  
Which is my wasting out into the main

That

That they may draw me to the shore again :  
But when I am on shore, oh how I gape  
Furrowed with clifted chinks ; oh how I leap  
And fly asunder, that I nothing seem  
But one great ruine, when the fiery beam  
Of thy fierce wrath descendeth, and doth roul  
Hells sad preludium into my soul.  
But Thou, whose open side produc't a floud  
As white as Crystall yet all stayn'd with bloud  
Drown me within those waters, let me lie  
Within that watry tomb, so shall I flie  
From death to life and all my ruines be  
Nothing but reparation by Thee.

EPIGRAM. II.

ne cheers the Heart of man ; but love doth give  
e principles of life, and make it live.  
selfe but carrion ; or a freezing Sun ;  
scending flames ; wings without motion.



I

*love, when it come's doth captivate  
all the other affections, and draw  
them unto it self. Aug. Manual.  
cap. 18.*

**T**Yrannick love ! whose active fires  
Plumes slow desires ;  
And make's them swiftly taper up,  
Till flattering hope  
Stroke them and win them to her breast,  
Though not to rest :  
Yet in that motion they close  
In some repose,  
As steel hovering 'bove loadstones quiet growe's.

2

Emperour of heart ! who do'es dilate  
Her narrow state ;  
That she outgrow's the earth aud's even  
As wide as heaven :  
Yet not so vast but thou art king,  
Thou centroll spring !  
From whom all passions first began  
To flow, and than  
evolve into thee, as their Ocean.

C

3 Tyrant

## 3

Tyrant o'th soul who if thou please  
     Her powers to raise,  
 They triumph for to meet thee, and  
     Take thy command :  
 Thine who knit't altogether here  
     Yon azure sphere,  
 This floating ball or what doth lie  
     Ope to the eye,  
 All are conjoyned by thy mystick tie.

## 4

Thou, who can'st sweeten dangers, that  
     We do not hate  
 Their grisly visages, nor fear  
     Their threats ; but rear  
 Our thoughts above all injury;  
     Or if we lie  
 But in thy fetters how we rove,  
     And sore above!  
 That's circle's infinite whose center's love.

## EPIGRAM 12.

What's love ? what's God? Both the like greatness  
One is Omnipotent, the other would : ( hold  
Both are attractive and diffusive ; yea  
God is himself but abstract charity.



ord thou hast made me for thee, and  
my heart is unquiet till it Rest in  
thee. Aug. Conf. lib. 1. cap. 1.

Lord ! what is man ?  
mass of wonders cluster'd in a span :  
One who can tell  
the eye, yet his best part invisible,  
As great a piece  
of beauty, as wise nature can express:  
But who can find  
the uncontrouled swiftness of his mind ?  
How't can reflect  
pon it self, and by its intellect,  
When it shall please,  
clime highest mountains, plum the deepest seas :  
Or nimbly wind,  
to either pole, and see where all's calcin'd  
To save by heat  
Whom cold doe's all in glassy shackles set.  
Or ere the eye  
can turn it self, clamber the azure skie :  
Yet cannot she  
ind rest at all, till that she rest in thee,  
Thee, who did'st lay  
her active substance in the cell of clay ;  
Yet hast indued  
And deck't her with thine own similitude,  
That there might be  
some little ectypes of thy Majestie,

Though he could chase  
 Old time into his cradle, yea and trace  
 Each planet as  
 He through his azure circuit doth pass,  
 And subtly eye  
 How multiformious Meteors strangely fly:  
 But can the heart  
 Find any settlement? although all art  
 Should court, and be  
 Transformed into one great flattery?  
 No, no, till thou  
 Who art alone all fulness, sweetly flow  
 Into 't and be  
 The cause of hunger by society.  
 Then may she rest  
 In thee, who art her center, and though prest  
 With sorrowes even  
 As low as hell, bounce up as high as Heaven.

## EPIGRAM 13.

Can the earth dance? the Ocean fall asleep?  
Or can the thoughts of man their quiet keep,  
'Till they be home from all their travells brought  
To him, who know's all wisdom at a thought?



I

will pierce heaven with my mind, and  
be present with thee in my desires.  
Aug. Manual. cap. 14.

**VV** Eak chains, bind flesh and bloud, and tie  
Lethargick sense ;  
You cannot impede me, when I flie  
Hurried away from hence  
You shall not clog me, but my raised flight  
Shall bring me to my wish't for height.

2

Where am I now convoid ? oh how  
My winged feet  
Spurn all those golden lamps that glow  
Beneath, with night beset !  
ay ( a strange pilgrim ) I securely run  
In paths that lie above the sun.

3

Swell heart into a world and keep  
That humid sea :  
Become, my bosome, one great deep  
That it may lodge in Thee:  
That glorious sun with his Celestiall heat  
will warm't, and mak't evaporate.

4

Spring-head of life, how am I now  
Intomb'd in Thee?  
How do I since th' art pleas'd to flow,  
Hate a dualitie?  
How I am annihilated? yet by this  
Acknowledge my subsistence is

5

Still may I rise ; still further clime  
Till that I lie  
( Having out-run-short-winded time )  
Swath'd in Eternitie :  
So may my youth spend and renew, so night  
Never alternate with my light.

6

But should my God withdraw awhile  
His glorious face  
Yet would not I my self beguile  
But with a strickt embrace  
So closely joyn with him, that wheresoere  
He were, I would strive to be there.

7

Nay should he strike me down so low  
As hell, yet I  
Would grasp him : He is there I know :  
He in those depths doth lie  
So should I surfeit on all happiness ;  
'Tis solely heaven where he is.

Epigram 1

EPIGRAM 14.

What is Mans body ? clay, or lead his soul ?  
 The nimblest swiftest substance that can roul  
 It self ere thought ; and by its power bring down,  
 Or mount to heaven, and so mak't its own.



*Oh thou fountain of life, let my thirsting  
soul drink of Thee. Aug. Med. cap.  
37.*

Faint, I faint : these channels here  
Though they seem Cryſtall, run not clear ;  
What naſty heaps of rubbiſh lie  
Within theſe waves ? I die ; I die ;  
How bitter are they ? poiſons be  
Though fierceſt, not ſo harſh as they :  
Yet have I drunk ; but now a more  
Heat bake's my bowells then before.  
Oh ! what an *Ætna* hath poſſe'ſt  
The feeble ruins of my breſt ?  
How't fall's to cinders ? how I have  
My boſom turn'd into my grave !  
Go, go, my former loves ! I will  
No more your falſe embraces fill.  
Weave robes of ſhort liv'd Roſes ſet,  
Lilly's in bands of Violet :  
Rare clouds of Myrrhe, that none may preſs  
To view your ſecret wantonneſs.  
Such fumes but choak me ; nor have I  
Leiſure to wanton ere I die.  
See how I breath out aſhes. 'Las !  
Doe's there no ſilver rillet paſs  
That may aſſuage ? would heaven beſtow  
One welcome drop to cool me now !  
Oh for a Moſes that would make  
This rock of mine diſſolve and break,

To

To a clear stream where I might lie  
Exempt from all this misery,  
And bathe. Oh would some Angel sit  
And point me to a welcom pit.  
Thou spring of life run over me  
Thou center of eternitie,  
Enlive me once again, and show  
What thy unbounded power can do.  
Do but direct me and Ile flie  
Where all thy liquid treasures lie ;  
More then may drench whole worlds ; and bless  
Them with their quickning delugies  
When I have setled there, oh then  
I shall not know to thirst agen.

bles

EPIGRAM 15.

The living spring of life is cool ; but yet  
Doth quench one, and beget a greater heat.  
Still satisfie's ; yet leave's a thirst behind  
And is the sacred Bath and Spaw o'th' mind.

unt 3



## I

*Love doth repress the motions and withhold the slipperiness of youth. Aug. Manual. cap. 19.*

**VV** *Hat is this life ?  
A scene of strife ;  
A theatre of sorrow;  
On which we play  
Perhaps to day*

*But break a limb to morrow :*

## 2

*Weak stage of Ice  
For flatteries  
To cheat and juggle on !  
Which vanish ere  
They can appear,  
And as they come, are gone.*

## 3

*What safety can  
Thou yield poor man ?  
That tread's thee with such joy ;  
What are the treasures  
Of all the pleasures  
Which ere they'r tasted, cloy.*

4 *Then*

## 4

Then happy he  
That can be free  
By potent counter-charms :  
And nimbly leap  
And so escape  
Thy still approaching harms.

## 5

But all those whom  
Love hath ore'come,  
Contemn thy Magick, and  
Do bravely flee  
Thy tyranny  
And in full freedom stand.

## 6

Oh happy mind  
That leave's behind  
Those things that creep below :  
And clamber's up  
By constant hope  
Where reall pleasures flow.

## 7

Then youth no more  
Obtaine's a power  
To cheat the roving sight;  
But reason crown'd  
And so inthron'd  
Doth solely bid what's right.

EPIGRAM, 16.

Prince of the passions, royall Love ! who, when  
Thou pleasest, canst thus metamorphise men :  
Must make's her vassailes beasts : thou contrary,  
Take'st each heart where thou raigne'st a Deity.



*The Heart of man not fixt in desires of  
Eternitie can neither be firm nor stable .Aug. Manual. cap. 25.*

**Y**OU whose clear countenances do not know  
Assembling clouds and storms of woe,  
Whose golden streams of minutes sweetly run  
In an unalter'd motion,  
Who sit on shore, while other wretches be  
Ludibrium's of the raging sea,  
Who surfet on what pleasures can behap,  
Who lull blind fortune in your lap,  
Enjoying what wild fancie can invent:  
Pray ! can you say you are content ?  
Do not your labouring thoughts enlarge and still  
Grow far more empty as they fill  
Pray ! what gradations make you ? can you stand ?  
How often do you countermand  
Ere you can think ? and pray ! is every thought  
Chain'd and in order brought ?  
Could you with patience view those traverses  
wherewith your soul still moving is  
Did they lie open to the sun ? or deem  
That ever you conceived them ?  
Vast soul of man ! who cannot find in thee  
A circumscrib'd infinitie  
What can outrun thy swiftnesse ? what can less  
Then swelling thee, brook emptinesse.  
That if not fill'd, earth leap's, and gain's a room  
And so prevent's a *Vacuum*.

But

But ramble still, and feed thy fury, groan,  
Cause ther's no worlds but one.  
Thou doest but multiply thy cares and tofs  
Like men amazed at a loss.  
Or like a crazy vessell which doth lie  
On th' drunken tyranny  
Of each insulting wave, whilst every blast  
Jussell's and threaten's that her last.  
But wer't thou freed from thy domestick harms  
And wound within thy Makers arms,  
How would these twilights vanish, what a day  
Would't instantly it self display :  
Then might'st thou prepossess thy heaven, and so  
In this thine exile happy grow.  
This is our jayle, our night, till happy we  
Gain there, both day and liberty.

## EPIGRAM 17.

Can flames fly downward ? can the earth ascend ?  
Can liquors separate ? and dry things blend ?  
Is as unlikely that without a God  
The heart of man can find a period.



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*Mine enemy hath laid many nets for  
my feet, and fill'd all the way with  
ambushments.*

Hasten, can I view those eyes  
From whence there flie's  
Such strong attractive beams; and stay  
Lingring i'th way?  
When thou canst soon deceive my toyl  
The short magick of a smile.

2

Dearest of women! no: oh how  
Upon thy brow  
Throniz'd bands of graces sit?  
How on thy white  
Come out bloud-thirsty roses? which,  
Thy Hemispheres, [ thy cheekes ] enrich.

3

Could I come! (how art thou dight  
With ambient light?)  
And *Phoenix-like* in her tomb-nest,  
Sleep on thy breast:  
And from thy od'rous bosom draw  
Hole snowy-clouds of Cassia.

D

But

## 4

But oh ! what ambushments orespread  
     The way I tread ?  
 How crooked are those paths of mine  
     How serpentine !  
 What ranks of peevish thornes beset  
 My torn and more then weary feet ?

## 5

But look how either side doth smile  
     And would beguile ;  
 How all's with Amethyits beset ;  
     How negro-jet  
 Mingle's with Alabaster ? how  
 The scatter'd Topasses do glow !

## 6

What virgins do on either hand  
     Affailing stand ?  
 Whom could they not orecome, if none  
     Thy face had known ?  
 Their beauty is but borrowed ; thine  
 Doth with a native lustre shine.

## 7

But I'le be blind, untill I be  
     Restor'd by thee :  
 They are but shadows and are gone  
     Ere they can run  
 Into thy sight. Thy beauty shall  
 Stand while the dying sun shall fall.

EPIGRAM 18.

Trust not the world ; when't smiles, it will betray,  
And when secure, doth the most dangers lay :  
Break her snares, and all her charmings flie,  
Th' art, at best, in splendid slavery.



*h love which doest ever burn and art  
never extinguish't, enlighten me with  
thy flames. Aug. Mannual, cap. 10.*

**M**Y wishes cannot reach so far  
With empty towings ; as to rear  
ge piles of marble, that may rise  
and fiercely emulate the skies :  
cannot wish me gardens, where  
errestiall planets may appear,  
and rise and set by courses : no,  
cannot all this madness know ;  
ight I bathe in Pactolus, swim  
yellow Tagus ; might each limb  
ale after it more Ore, then may  
ing poverty on India :  
are not wish so high ; yet are  
y royall wishes higher far.

**Oh** ! could I, though the restless sun  
ould not his usuall journey run,  
y self supply his light, and rear  
ithin my heart a taper, far  
armer then his : but should he go  
s usuall progress ; I might flow  
ith double fires ; but 'las ! I wish  
apes of impossibilities :  
e, whose disbanding members have  
ouldred themselves within the grave  
annot get up, and walk ; and knit  
s limbs as they at first were set :

Sure no ! can I revive again  
My palsied heart, my frozen brain ?  
What can my strength command them cease  
Their monstrous shakings, and confess  
They were diseas'd ; till thou display  
The powerfull influence of thy ray.  
Alas ! I cannot ; till thou shine  
And fright away these clouds of mine  
I shall be darkned : com, oh com !  
Break in upon me, here's a room  
Thy subtle joyes can pierce, and gain  
And entrance in the depths of men :  
Though wee be all polluted, yet  
Thy viceroy doth rise and set  
Upon base thistles ; and will close  
With weeds, as soon as any rose :  
Burn me, oh ! burn me ; so I shall  
Enjoy no meaner funerall  
Then the great world : and nimble flee  
Unclog'd with matter unto thee.

## EPIGRAM 19.

How monstrous are man's wishes? and how vain  
How he do'th pray and then, unpray again?  
That strange Chimera's does his fancy frame  
Beg his ruine in a specious name?



*How shall we sing the Lords song in a  
strange land? Psal. 137. v. 4.*

**V** Hil'ft by the reedy bancks of aged *Cam*,  
My golden minuts softly went and came;  
Nothing was wanting to content ; unless  
minde fit for to grasp such happiness :  
My wishes still were ratifi'd, and still  
confirm'd, nor had I any law but will ;  
Whether severer thoughts my minde possest,  
and freed her from her load of flesh, and dre't  
her like her self, and carried her on high,  
beyond the narrow reach of thought or eye.  
Or if some serious follies call'd m' away  
How boldly and securely durst I stray.  
A little from my self, that so I might  
return with the more spirit and delight.  
To have I seen a painter when his eyes  
Were wearied with intentive poaring rise  
and leave his curious labor, and refrain  
till that his eyes might gather life again ;  
Thus did I out-run time, nor did I know  
How to complain that any hour went slow.  
That nothing now at all remain's with me  
But the sweet Torment of the Memory.  
Good in fruition's somewhat ; lost, no more  
Then an half cured wound, or easie soar ;  
Or like a dose of Honey, when't doth fall  
Upon the tongue sweet, and in th' stomach gall.  
But what divor'ft me from these pleasures say,  
Tell me ( my Muse ! ) what ravish't them away ;

Could not the silver *Thames* continue them ?  
 Or were thy minde and wishes not the same ?  
 Or did'st thou climb too high, and so awake  
 That monster envy which thy slumbers brake ?  
 Or did'st thou finde those faithless who left ought  
 Or were thy great design's abortive brought ?  
 Or did thy sins, like pullies, draw thee back,  
 And make thy thoughts, so strongly bended, slack  
 What ere it is ; now I am fal'n, and now  
 Under my care's must either break or bow ;  
 And that great Fabrick of *Leucenia*,  
 Which should to th' last of time my name convey  
 Must lie unperfit, and dismembred so,  
 And be at most a monstrous Embryo !  
 Nay my sublimer thoughts must stoop t' invent  
 Some stratagems 'gainst famine and prevent  
 Contempt [ the worst of evils ] and sharp cold.  
 But whether run I ? I let go my hold.  
 Conquer thy sorrows *Hall*'tis patience can  
 Alone secure thee, though all sorrow's ran  
 At once upon thy head, 'tis fear alone ( none  
 That giv's these scar-crow's arms ; they else have  
 He is a man whose resolution dar's  
 The worst of evil's, who command's his fears.  
 Els what poor things we are ? how weak ? how blind  
 Apt to be troubled by each wanton Winde.  
 Nay man the best of creatures, is below  
 The weakest of them, if he tremble so.

EPIGRAM 20.

What a mad thing is grief ? should we devise  
 To harm our selves with other's injuries ?  
 And wound our hearts, with every sleight offence ?  
 When we may be shot-free by patience ;

Emb

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## EPIGRAM 20.

What a mad thing is grief? should we devise  
To harm our selves with other's injuries?  
And wound our hearts with every slight of-  
When we may be shot-free by patiēce. [fence,



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SPARKLES

OF

DIVINE  
LOVE.

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Book. II.

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--*Ex frigore* FLAMMA.

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1648.



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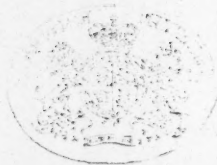
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SPARKLES  
OF  
DIVINE LOVE.

## I

*I am come a light into the world, and  
whosoever believeth in me shall not  
abide in darkness. John 12. v. 46.*

CONceive not, happy malecontent ! although  
Thou stand'st below,  
But thy enlarged eye may freely rove,  
And soar above ;  
Nay all that ambient Darkness clear's the light  
Unto thy sight,  
And all those silver streaks of light which were  
Seemingly hid before, do now appear.

## 2

Although the space of Heaven, which doth lie  
Before thine eye,  
Seem's small ; thy bulk's too little and unfit  
To measure it,  
What seem's an inch will quickly unbeguile  
And prove a mile ;  
Stars seem like spangles ; but a tube let's see  
This massie globe of th' Earth's far less then they.  
Trust

## 3

Trust not from this thy sense with things that are  
 Above her spear ;  
 Shee's purblinde, and at distance cannot see  
 Things as they be,  
 Reason may help, but not secure her : either  
 May err rogether.  
 Nothing more wilde, and weak, and erring, than  
 The reason of poor incollected man.

## 4

But faith, which seeme's to overthrow her quite,  
 Set's her aright ;  
 And drawe's remotest objects home unto her ;  
 That what before  
 Was small and too too bright she could not see ;  
 May now agree ;  
 Faith is the best prospective, they who rest  
 Without her, seeing most, do see the least.

## EPIGRAM I.

They talk of killing monsters, 'lass ! Faith is  
5 View her attempts ) the greatest Hercules.  
e things the most impossible doth know  
w to believe, and that because th' are so.



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ree, a

O thou of little faith why didst thou  
doubt. *Matth. 14. vers. 31.*

O'ft thou behold, this little ball ?  
These fleeting bubbles ? this round toy ?  
Which children well may play withall,  
and with a wanton breath destroy.

Though it be small, upon it lie's  
The spreading heavens contracted face ;  
and the vast volume of the skies  
Designed in so strait a space.

That sea of light, which sent forth streams  
And yet is inexhaustible  
And never poor ) of golden beams  
Can on these lines his courses tell ;

Whether he towards the *Crab* doth roul,  
Or give's the *Ram* a fleece of gold,  
Whether we warmth in's presence feel  
Or in his absence biteing cold ;

There's near a lesser light but here  
Whether 't be fix't or more unstaidd )  
Doth in a fained course appear  
And in its motion is displaid.

Yet ne're the less, doth every one  
(Uninterrupted undisturb'd )  
Go in its former motion,  
free, and no more then ever curb'd :

The sun gild's and benight's the moon ;  
whom th' Ocean flatter's as before,  
And doth, where shee'l lead him run,  
Nor are the planets wandrings more ;

They do not sure ; and if thine eyes  
Discover what thou art within ;  
That spirit which imprison'd lies  
What a vast essence will be seen ?

Stay her within the bounds of sense  
Imagination's infinite ;  
But with that heavie load dispence,  
Then she can take a vaster flight ;

Nay grasp whole heaven, though it be  
Without all measure and all end ;  
For in her strength and power be  
The greatest things to comprehend.

## EPIGRAM. 2.

his globe ha's somewhat in't of every star,  
ans soul of each thing some small character,  
ow els could a pure intellect be seen  
o turn at any time, to any thing?



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*Who against hope, believed in hope.*  
Rom. 4. vers. 18.

**H**ow come's this chryftall liquor, which before  
Crept through the aufractuons cavern of the  
mount aloft? and so directly soar (earth,  
if ashamed of so mean a birth,  
And so would force it self among the clouds,  
From whence it first ran down in woolley fouds,

2

**I**n wise Philosophie, which can reveal  
to the sence most hidden mysteries;  
Riddle this strange Theoreme? and tell  
hence such a hidden cause retired lies?  
In nature such strange operation is  
as sometimes teacheth fools, & blinde's the wise.

3

cause some sulphure lurk's in privie veines,  
d make's the wanton water boyl above?  
doth the unconstant Oceans trembling plain  
ts diurnall reflux hither move?  
nd forcing passage fill the spring-head so  
hat the imprison'd waves do upward go;

4 What

## 4

What ere it is, learn ( soul ! ) by this to scorn  
 The poor and humble dwellings of the earth,  
 Be on thy own wings, up to heaven born ( bid  
 And gain rest there, where thou had'st first  
 Although that here below thou think'st th'  
 Thy freedoms but a glorious slavery. ( fr

## 5

Learn to believe impossibilities,  
 ( Such as are so to reason, not to hope )  
 To pose thy sence, and contradict thine eyes  
 To set in darkness, and in light to grope ;  
 Struggle with that, which doth least easie seem  
 A little child can swim along the stream.

## 6

This is the way; heaven stand's on high, and th'  
 Who would go thither, must be sure to clime  
 Labor in this is easie, wh'ould not chose  
 To gain a scepter, with a wearied lim ;  
 Virtue is ever proudest in her toyles ( spoyl  
 And think's thick showres of sweat her grea

## EPIGRAM 3.

o the heavens thou wouldst thy sight direct;  
y stubborn reason unto faith subject.  
r canst thou else with humane mists dispell;  
reason sees but with the eyes of sense.

E



was afraid least thou wouldest hear me,  
and deliver me instantly from the dis-  
ease of lust, which I rather wished  
might be satisfied. Aug. Conf. lib. 8.  
Cap. 7.

## 1

— He Ermine rather chose to die  
— A Martyr of its purity,  
— When that one uncouth soile should stain  
— Whitherto preserved skin:

## 2

— And thus resolv'd she thinks it good  
— To write her whiteneffe in her blood,  
— That I had rather die, then e're,  
— To continue from my foulneffe cleere.

3

Nay I suppose by that I live  
That onely doth destruction give.  
Mad-man I am, I turn mine Eye  
On every side, but what doth lie

4

Within I can no better find,  
Then if I ever had been blind.  
Is this the reason thou dost claime  
Thy sole prerogative, to frame

5

Engines again thy self? O fly  
Thy self as greatest enemy;  
And think thou sometimes life wilt get  
By a secure contemning it.

Epigram

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EPIGRAM 6.

See how these poisonous passions gnaw & feed  
 Upon the tortur'd heart in which they breed:  
 And when (their poison spent) these Vipers dy,  
 The worne of conscience doth their room  
 [supply.



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I said in the cutting off of my daies, I  
shall goe to the gates of the grave.  
Isa, 38. 10.

MY Life is measur'd by this glasse, this glasse  
By all those little Sands that thorough passe.  
See how they presse, see how they strive, w<sup>ch</sup> shall  
With greatest speed & greatest quicknesse fall.  
See how they raise a little Mount, and then  
With their own weight doe levell it agen.  
But when th'have all got thorough, they give o're  
Their nimble sliding down, and move no more.  
Just such is man, whose houres stil forward run,  
Being almost finisht ere they are begun.  
So perfect nothings, such light blasts are we,  
That ere w're ought at all, we cease to be.  
Do what we will, our hasty minutes fly;  
And while we sleep, what do we else but die?  
How transient are our Joyes, how short their day!  
They creep on towards us, but flie away.  
How stinging are our sorrows! where they gain  
But the least footing, there they will remain.  
How groundles are our hopes! how they deceive  
Our childish thoughts, and onely sorrow leave!  
How reall are our fears! they blast us still,  
Still rend us, still with gnawing passions fill.  
How senselesse are our wishes! yet how great!  
With what toil we pursue them, with what sweat!  
Yet most times for our hurts, so small we see,  
Like Children crying for some Mercurie.

This

This gapes for Marriage, yet his fickle head  
Knows not what cares waite on a marriage-bed.  
This vowes Virginity, yet knowes not what  
Lonenesse, grieve, discontent, attends that state  
Desires of wealth anothers wishes hold :  
And yet how many have been choak't with Gold?  
This onely hunts for honour: yet who shall  
Ascend the higher, shall more wretched fall.  
This thirsts for knowledge: yet how is it bought  
With many a sleepleffe night & racking thought  
This needs will travell: yet how dangers lay  
Most secret Ambuscado's in the way ?  
These triumph in their Beauty, though it shall  
Like a pluck't Rose or fading Lillie fall.  
Another boasts strong armes: 'las Giants have  
By silly Dwarfes been drag'd unto their grave.  
These ruffle in rich silk : though ne're so gay,  
A well plum'd Peacock is more gay then they.  
Poor man, what art? a Tennis-ball of Errour;  
A ship of Glasse toss'd in a Sea of terrour :  
Issuing in blood and sorrow from the wombe,  
Crawling in teares and mourning to the tombe.  
How slippery are thy pathes, how sure thy fall?  
How art thou nothing when th'art most of all?

EPIGRAM 7.

Thus the small sands within their Chrystal glide,  
 And into moments times extent divide ;  
 All man himself into like dust returne. (Urne.  
 The young mans hower. glasse is the old mans



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ade 4, 15. *The Lord cometh with ten thousand of his Saints to execute judgement upon all.*

Heare and tremble ! Lord, what shall I doe  
 To avoid thy anger, whether shall I goe ?  
 What, shall I scale the Mountains ? 'las they be  
 As lesse then Atoms if compar'd with thee.  
 What, shall I strive to get my selfe a Tombe,  
 Within the greedy Oceans swelling Wombe ?  
 Shall I dive into Rockes ? where shall I flie  
 To see the sure discovery of thy piercing Eye ?  
 As I know not; though with many a teare  
 I tell they mone thy absence, thou art there.  
 Thou art on Earth, and well observest all  
 The actions acted on this massie Ball :  
 And when thou look'st on mine, what can I say ?  
 I can not stand, nor can I run away  
 Mine eyes are pure and cannot look upon  
 And what else, Lord, am I ? ) Corruption.  
 Thou hatest sinnes, and if thou once begin  
 To cast me in the Scales, I all am sinne.  
 Thou still continu'st one, O Lord; I range  
 In various formes of crimes, and love my change.  
 And, thou that mad'st me, bid'st I should present  
 My heart unto thee: O see how it's rent  
 In various Monsters; see how fastly held,  
 How stubbornly they doe deny to yield.  
 How shall I stand, when that thou shalt be hurl'd  
 In Cloudes, in robes of fire to Judge the world,  
 Usher'd

Usher'd with golden Legions, in thine Eye  
Carrying an all-enraged Majesty,  
That shall the Earth into a Palsie stroke, (smo  
And make the Clouds sigh out themselves  
How can I stand? yes, Lord, I may: although  
Thou beest the Judge, thou art a party too.  
Thou sufferd'st for these faults, for w<sup>ch</sup> thou sh  
Arraigne me; Lord, thou sufferd'st for them all  
They are not mine at all: these wounds of thine  
That on thy glorious side so brightly shine,  
Seal'd me a pardon: in those wounds th'are hid  
And in that side of thine th'are buried.  
Lord, smile again upon us: with what grace  
Doth mercy sit enthroniz'd on thy face?  
How did that scarlet sweat become thee when  
That sweat did wash away the filth of men?  
How did those peevish thornes adorn thy brow  
Each thorne more richly then a Gem did glow  
Yet by those thornes (Lord, how thy love abound  
Are we poor wormes made capable of Crowns  
Come so to Judgement, Lord: th' Apostles sh  
No more into their drowsy slumber fall,  
But stand and hearken how the Judge shall say  
Come come, my Lambs, to Joy, come come aw

*FINIS.*

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Emb. 8.

*Divine love.*

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EPIGRAM 8.

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When the first Trumpet sounding shall disperse  
The terror through the fainting universe.  
Who that Thunder would undaunted bear,  
Must often be acquainted with it here.

*FINIS.*

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